

Brotha Lynch Hung "Dead Man Walkin (Refited)"

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Look up in the sky it's a motherfuckin slug
Some nigga done let one off and only my cousins
sheddin' blood
That loccest muthafucka from 29 st. throwin up his flag
Some nigga got madd and went to the crib with a .45
mag
Returned to the set-up and let my cousin have it
That nigga that died for the garden blocc
Gang did time for the garden blocc
And ended up stuck in a muthafuckin casket but i don't
be givin a fuck
Im tappin up in your program before you know it
I'm creepin up on ya in a licorice dark black drop-top
broham
With a 12 gauge pump in da trunk and a clip full of funk
And a fat purple kush blunt so call it what you want
I call it the fever of da funkhouse
Dumpin gauge shells in that ass leavin you face down
Chest down with a gang of guts hangin out yo ass
nigga
You know tha process they wanna kill me
Now I'm a dead man walkin to my funeral can you feel
me
Now and if die before your set gets blasted
That's on the garden cause I'm gonna rise up out my
casket
Chorus: repeat x2
I'm liquor sicc and I just might lose control
So load your clips loccs cause we ridin for our foes

And im out in ' 65 hardtop impala lookin for that 187
There we go and right behind em bustin wit my mac 11
Straight bumpa to bumpa 12 gage pumpin was that
little X loccsta
Givin up his set and dumpin on niggas just like he's
supposed ta
Nigga this is real deal shit it's not about crip or blood
It's about pay back that family loves
So nigga now fuck yo whole click
Like 24 deep they tryin ta kill me fo my fuckin tapes
Them baby rapes so nigga get out my fuckin face
If I was really bangin niggaz would know

Cause I'd have they whole set lookin like L.A. when da
earthquake hit

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